

JUNE.

BY P. B. WEST.

June comes as fresh as morn
With sweets the dewy rose distils,
The sky resumes its azure cast,
And maple blooms have crown'd the hills,
While butter-cups with star-like rays,
Meadows and fields adorn.

Fair as the maiden's blush
The painted populace of flowers
That glow beneath the skies of June;
The light and life of summer hours,
Not idle fancies seen in dreams,
When sleep the passions hush.

June smiling, girds the earth
With belt embroider'd by the hand
That weaves its speaking emblem, formed
Of elements, instructive—grand;
Which power Dame Nature still controls,
Trusting to germs their birth.

Now heard the song of bees,
Recruiting vanished winter store,
The humming-bird the lawn patrols;
And trellised woodbine at the door
Of humble cottage, now imparts
Rare odor to the breeze.

Forest and glade partake,
The immeasurable delight
Of warblers, rocked by gentle winds,
Chanting from early morn till night,
When whip-poor-will prolongs the strain,
Content in fern, or brake.

Thus do June's golden hours,
Pleasing as visions of the night,
That to the Elysian Fields
The kindred spirits oft invite
Pass in review, till dewy eve
Weeps o'er the sunset flowers.

Be this our lot, to dwell
Beneath the azure dome, midst shrines
Whose incense up to heaven ascends;
Breathing a fragrance that inclines
The soul to view the source of light,
Life's darkness to dispel.